

Maine Farmer.

FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Androscoggin Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, August 20th, 21st, and 22d.
Baldwin and Sebago Lake Agricultural Association—At East Sebago, Oct. 5th, 6th and 10th.

Buxton and Holley Agricultural Society—At Buxton, Sept. 3d, 4th, and 5th.

Cumberland County Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Narragansett Park, Gorham, Sept. 11th, 12th, and 13th.

East Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Hartland, Sept. 10th and 11th.

East Eddington Farmers' Club—At East Eddington, Sept. 21st, 22d, and 23d.

Eastern State Fair—At Maplewood Park, Bangor, August 20th, 21st, 22d, and 23d.

Farmers' Fair—At Farmington, Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.

Hancock Agricultural Association—At Wyman Park, Ellsworth, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th.

Maine State Pomological Society—With the State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston.

Maine State Agricultural Society—On their grounds at Lewiston, Sept. 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th.

New England Fair—On Eddy Park, Portland, August 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.

North Aroostook Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Presque Isle, Sept. 10th, 11th and 12th.

North Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Harrison, Sept. 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th.

North Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Princeton, Aug. 27th, 28th and 29th.

Penobscot County Agricultural Society—At Old Town, Sept. 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th.

Osceola Valley Union Agricultural Association—At Cornish, August 13th, 14th and 15th.

Oxford County Agricultural Society—At Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.

Scarborough and Cape Elizabeth Farmers' Association—At Pleasant Hill, Scarborough, Sept. 17th and 18th.

Somerset County Agricultural Society—At Skowhegan, Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.

Spartan Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 8th, 9th, and 10th.

Washington County Agricultural Society—At Pembroke, Sept. 26th and 27th.

[Will the Secretaries of Societies assist us in completing the above list?]

Choice Miscellany.

CHASED BY AN ELEPHANT.

Miraculous Escape of a Hunter in the Indian Jungle.

The author of "Gun, Rifle and Hound" narrates an adventure which befell him and two companions, "Will" and "F—" in Ceylon. "One of the most miraculous escapes ever known in elephant-shooting," he calls it. "F—" it should be said, was a famous killer of elephants, and had brought with him a native tracker well used to the business; "a little wizened-up creature, but absolutely fearless." They were in search of a notorious rogue elephant, which had killed so many men and done so much other mischief that the government had put a reward of fifty dollars upon his head.

We started early in the morning, and were soon on the fresh tracks of the brute. He was evidently moving pretty fast. The tracker followed the trail almost at a trot, and it was rather hot work keeping him in sight. At last it was obvious that we were close upon the elephant, which was heading more and more into the thickest jungle.

"Nasty, dangerous brute," whispered F—"we shall hear him before we see him."

A minute or two more and the tracker stopped and pointed to a branch which was still oscillating violently.

The elephant could not be a minute ahead of us. We all stopped and looked intently among the thick trees.

With a scream of rage F—"raged out at us. We all fired. I think. The tracker ran toward Will, the elephant close after him. Will fired again, and turned to run. The tracker had slipped out of the way. F—" and I ran after the elephant, reloading as we ran. He was gaining rapidly on our poor friend.

"Round a tree!" shouted F—" "round a tree!" Will made for the nearest one, the elephant not two lengths behind him, and we still forty yards behind.

To our horror we saw Will catch his foot in something and go down at full length. F—" groaned with despair, and dropping on my knee I fired two barrels uselessly into the brute's hind-quarters.

Then came the miracle. Whether the blood from half a dozen wounds had blinded the elephant, or Will's sudden disappearance into the long grass had deceived him, I cannot say, but half stopping, he turned and made off into the jungle, where we lost him, after following him for hours.

DWARFING DOGS.

Taken from Their Mothers in Infancy. They Are Bred to Lilliputian Size.

Specialists and doctors who take an interest in the progress of alcoholism, its injurious action on generation and the part it plays in degeneracy will be glad to add another branch to their study in the shape of the falsification of dogs, says the New York World. For falsification of dogs exists in Paris and thrives, just as well as the imitators of Japan ware, old furniture and pictures of Corot, Teniers and Rubens. Ask for a bottle of Chartreuse in any grocery store of Paris and you will be served with a bottle of Charmeuse, and as to truffles, diamonds, champagne and coffee imitators of these have obtained so lofty a station for them to care for criticism of their products.

It was generally supposed that the animal reign had not yet been tampered with, so that most persons will be surprised that the French have recently discovered a method of producing tiny dogs, which, when offered for sale on the boulevards or in the Bols de Boulogne, fetch good prices on account of their rarity. Like all other callings, competition is about to cut down the profits of the originators of the idea and next summer visitors are promised any number of lilliputian dogs at an insignificant price.

This is how the diminutive animal is produced: Snatched from its mother's breast when it is but a few hours old, it is put on an alcoholic diet instead of a lacteal diet. When it reaches a certain age alcohol under different form constitutes almost the sole diet of the animal. The young dogs do not die, but what is far more important, they do not develop and appear to be wasting away continually. They soon cease to grow entirely. By coupling these products the lilliputian animal is obtained after two or three generations. What a terrible lesson for drunkards and absinthe consumers!

QUEER USE OF A CIGAR.

Story Which Shows a Sea Captain's Freadence of Mind.

A good story is told of a sea captain who died not long ago and who was formerly in command of a ship in which passengers were carried from London to Lisbon. On one occasion, says Tit-Bits, the ship caught fire and the passengers and crew were compelled to take hurriedly to the boats. The captain remained perfectly cool throughout all the confusion and fright of the disturbance, and at last everyone ex-

cept himself was got safely into the boats.

By the time he was ready to follow the passengers were almost wild with fear and excitement. Instead of hurrying down the ladder the captain called out to the sailors to hold on a minute, and taking a cigar from his pocket, coolly lighted it with a bit of burning rope which had fallen from the rigging at his feet. Then he descended with deliberation and gave the order to push off.

"How could you stop to light a cigar at such a moment?" he was asked afterward, when some of the passengers were talking over their escape.

"Because," he answered, "I saw that if I did not do something to divert the minds of those in the boat there was likely to be a panic, and overcrowded as it was, there was danger of the boat being upset. The act took but a moment, but it attracted the attention of everybody. I was not nearly so un-concerned as I seemed to be, but was in reality in a fever of excitement. My little plan succeeded. You all forgot yourselves because you were thinking of my curious behavior, and we got off safely."

LIZARDS IN A TRANCE.

One Medical Authority Regards It as a Kind of Hypnotism.

An English scientific journal has received an interesting communication on the subject of the so-called "death-feigning instinct" of certain reptiles, says the Pittsburgh Times.

The correspondent, who writes from Syria, says that when a certain species of Egyptian lizard is captured, it makes a few vigorous efforts to escape, and then, if held firmly, falls into a limp, motionless state, which might easily lead an inexperienced person to think it dead. The animal, however, is simply in a trance-like condition.

Gentle respiratory movements are visible just behind the shoulders, and sometimes show a rising and falling rhythm with short intervals of complete rest; the eyes remain wide open, and the lids move slowly from time to time spontaneously or by reflex action; the mouth is almost open, sometimes wide, sometimes but little—and in either case the jaw is quite rigid, and if closed by force is apt to re-open when the pressure is withdrawn; the limbs lie extended and semi-dwarfed, with some approach to a cataleptic condition, i. e., if bent or stretched into position not too strained, they maintain such positions when let go; and the same is true of the trunk and tail.

A pin may run through a fold of the skin, without fully rousing the animal, a sluggish, feeble wriggle being the sole result. The trance usually lasts about five minutes, when the animal by a brusque effort assumes its normal position. This done, it lies still, but evidently awake and observant for a few moments more, and then scuttles off in a hurry.

Dr. Van Dyck looks upon this manifestation not as voluntary or conscious death-feigning, but as a form of hypnotism. The natural enemies of these lizards are foxes, jackals, martens, birds of prey and snakes.

"Can anyone believe," asks Dr. Van Dyck, "that any one of these animals, having captured a lizard, would be in the least inclined to let it go, because it is motionless and apparently dead in the captor's grasp?" Or will it be argued that the trance condition is a special gift "in mercy to the victim, to mitigate or abolish the pain of death?"

WHERE BIG GAME IS PLENTY.

How a Hunter Found Himself Face to Face with Two Big Lions.

In "Lion Hunting in Somaliland," Capt. C. J. Melliss tells how he first found himself face to face with two full-grown lions. He started from Berbera for the Hand with ten camels, a dozen Somalis, two donkeys, a pony and two months' provisions.

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It is exceedingly important that you give this matter your immediate attention if you have not already done so, as a vast amount of property is liable to be destroyed by fire unless prompt measures are adopted and every possible precaution taken to control fires from being started.

It is the drought continues much longer it is only to be greatly increased and extreme caution that repetition of the great conflagration of 1825, that burned so many homes and destroyed so much valuable property, can be prevented.

I hope and trust that you will personally see that wardens are will to their duties and every possible means adopted to prevent such a catastrophe.

CHARLES E. OAK, Forest Commissioner.

100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dredged disease which is curable by the use of the oil of the plantain, and that is Cataract. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity, Cataract being a common disease, requiring a special medical treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and nerves, and the oil of the plantain destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the body and assisting nature in doing its work. The plantain oil which is in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send to Dr. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75¢.

Gotham Girl: "What difficult problem is Boston culture struggling with at present?"

Mr. Trouton: "A recent subject of social discussion is the proposition to put the bairns in the cradle."

Gotham Girl: "What nonsense! If they don't see anyone in Boston they want to marry, tell them to come to New York."

It speaks well for an article when the longer it is used the better it is liked. Such is the case with Ayer's Hair Vigor. People who have been using it for years, could not be induced to try any other dressing for their hair, because it gives such perfect satisfaction.

It is now estimated that we will have a corn crop of nearly 2,400,000,000 bushels, the largest ever grown in the United States. "Johnny cake" ought to be cheap.

Tattooed by Lightning.

During a thunderstorm at Bridgeport, Conn., recently lightning struck the house of James Barry. Almost immediately the roof burst into flames. Barry, his wife and four children were asleep on the second floor. James McCall, his wife and five children were asleep on the second floor. The electric bolt struck the thirteen into insensibility.

He describes vividly his delight after his first day's shooting. "I shall never forget the pleasure of it," he says. "What a paradise the country seemed to me when I was wandering from the two lions, "actually waiting for me," he writes, "all to myself; a vast plain on all sides, clear of jungle as far as the eye can see."

He goes on to say that what struck him most forcibly on seeing a wild lion for the first time was that there was none of that slim, weak appearance in the hind quarters which is so visible in a lion.

Capt. Melliss used a much heavier charge than Mr. Selous, and seems to have had little difficulty in disabling a lion with a well-aimed shot. When he had killed them, the lions were skinned and the heads tied behind two horsemen.

Capt. Melliss usually rode up and mounted to shoot, but a much more exciting way, which he occasionally experienced, was to track the lion's spear and follow him into the jungle on foot.

What's in a Word?

If any of our readers, in looking over articles on electric railways in the German language, should come across the word Strassenbahngewerbetreiber, says the Electrical World, they need not be alarmed or discouraged, nor afraid to use it in good society. Instead of getting at the subject directly, as is done in English, this single word relates quite a little story—a sort of riddle of which you are expected to guess the answer. The story is, briefly, as follows: In about the middle of the word we find that the object referred to has some connection with a car, and, returning to the beginning, it appears that this car is intended to run on rails (as cars usually do, by the way); that these rails are in the streets of a city, and that the car is supported on some structure; near the end it is explained that this supporting structure is below, and not above, the car, and, finally, it is added that it refers to the apparatus of a car, and not to any form in particular. With the aid of this description it will not be difficult to guess correctly that the German writer would have said "Strassenbahngewerbetreiber" instead of "Strassenbahngewerbetreiber."

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GOOD IMITATIONS OF AMBER.

Only Experts Can Detect Them from the Real Article.

When a man buys a pipe or a cigar holder with a mouthpiece, which the dealer declares is amber, the chances are ten to one that the purchaser is being deceived. This assertion may seem hard upon the seller, but so clever are the imitations of amber now in the market that dealers need have little fear in selling them, as none but an expert can tell the fakes from the real. Celluloid and amberine are the cheapest of the imitations, says the New York Press, and no dealer would think of recommending them as amber to anyone who appeared to know much about what he wanted. But with amberoid it is a different matter, for, as this substance is made from the amber itself, there is no perceptible difference in its appearance or properties. This is made from small bits of amber, ground fine and compressed by hydraulic power. The process is a secret possessed only by a few manufacturers in Vienna. All the long stems of a clear, beautiful amber, which give a meerschaum or briar so fancy a price, are made of amberoid, excepting, perhaps, pipes of the highest value. The belief that the sure test of amber is that it will pick up paper is well known to many people, for amberoid will do the same thing, as will amberine.

Who can stop to light a cigar at such a moment?" he was asked afterward, when some of the passengers were talking over their escape.

"Because," he answered, "I saw that if I did not do something to divert the minds of those in the boat there was likely to be a panic, and overcrowded as it was, there was danger of the boat being upset. The act took but a moment, but it attracted the attention of everybody. I was not nearly so un-concerned as I seemed to be, but was in reality in a fever of excitement. My little plan succeeded. You all forgot yourselves because you were thinking of my curious behavior, and we got off safely."

DR. SWAN'S TEA PILLS

Are guaranteed to cure every form of

Nervous and Sick Headache. They will break up severe Colds and Fevers,

relieve Neuralgia, "Rheumatism, and kindred diseases. Not a CATHARTIC.

As they contain neither opium, mor-

phine, or allied opiates, they are

entirely harmless.

Price 25c. All dealers, or prepaid

on receipt of price.

SCATES MED. CO.,

Westbrook, Me.

NERVOUSNESS IS THE WAIL OF THE NERVES FOR FOOD.

An Interesting Interview with a Prominent Physician.

Woman's Department.

THE SWEETEST SONG.

BY G. E. L.

The king speaks to his minstrel:
"Sing me a sweet, sweet song,
Sing me of the joy around,
Blend with music gay and strong."
Do not wait till day is over,
Sing me now at morning hour,
Blend your thoughts and feelings with it,
Sing of joy and kingly power."

Paved the head of saddened minstrel:
"I will sing, O king, to thee,
But the sweetest songs you ask for
Are not notes of mirth and glee."

Flowers sound forth sweetest perfume,
When they're trodden 'neath the feet,
And those lives whose days are saddened
Give us songs that are most sweet."

Then the songs, the purest, sweetest,
Come from hearts that suffer pain,
And the notes to be the sweetest,
Must be felt by us again."

WORCESTER SALT.

More largely used
in Dairies than
any other salt.

their caressing clasp from yours, leaving
you only dreams of the rose-leaf touch
that once thrilled the mother-heart with
you? Ah! I think, my dear, when
those troubles do come upon you, you
will not take note of flies in the dining
room, nor stop to scold about finger
marks on the paint. I have not intended
to say harsh things about mouse-hearted
people. Indeed, as I write, such a con-
sciousness of the original mouse within
my own nature, underneath the tiger-
skin of fine theories, intrudes itself, that
I can only extend a cordial hand of sym-
pathy to the host of women who, like
me, fret themselves because of evil-doers
and evil things, and say: "Brace up,
sisters. Endure whatever is, with the hope
of a fair to-morrow, as one jogs
through the rain while a pink flush in
the west tells that the weather is clear-
ing. Because the raindrops fall thick
to-day, and all the hours are drenched
with tears, is no reason why to-morrow
may not be blue, and blossom-haunted."

Even a mouse holds its destiny largely
in its own hands. If he cannot masque-
rade successfully as a tiger, he can at
least be grateful for the cheese-rind of
the present, for the cream pot of the past,
and leave the uncertainties of the future
to a wise and hitherto generous Prov-
idence.—*Amber in Horsman.*

"Now have done forever with fear; you
are safe at last."

But the tiger slunk into the jungle
and was afraid to come forth for dread
of the huntsman's rifle. Then the thor-
oughly disgruntled wizard changed the
coward back into the primal mouse,

say:

"You have but the soul of a mouse—
a mouse!"

Every day I meet with people, beneath
the tiger skin of whose outward seeming
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oughly disgruntled wizard changed the
coward back into the primal mouse,

say:

"You have but the soul of a mouse—
a mouse!"

Every day I meet with people, beneath
the tiger skin of whose outward seeming
and was afraid to come forth for dread
of the huntsman's rifle. Then the thor-
oughly disgruntled wizard changed the
coward back into the primal mouse,

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1895.

TERMS.

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.50 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and twenty-two cents for each sub-
sequent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. Ayer, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Androscoggin and
Oxford counties.Secretary Lamont has detailed Capt.
W. S. Edgerly of the 7th Cavalry, as pro-
fessor of military science and tactics at
the Maine State College, Orono.The towns which voted against aiding
the Washington county railroad are to
test the constitutionality of the act allowing
the county to subscribe \$500,000 for the
preferred stock of the railroad.Hon. Edward Wiggin of Mayville has
entered upon his duties in the educational
department at the State house, and so becomes a resident of Augusta. It is
to be hoped that this means a permanent
residence in our charming city where all
such families are cordially welcomed.Queen Victoria's favorite dish is now
declared to be corned beef and cabbage.
This shows a leaning towards the farmers.
Now let our world be Presidents,
Governors, and other office seekers take
up this good, substantial farmer's diet.
It will serve to tide over many a hard
spot.Secretary Carlisle, under the provi-
sions of the recent act of Congress regulat-
ing the salaries of the local inspectors
of steam vessels, established the salaries
of local inspectors of hulls and boilers
for the year beginning July 1, 1895, in
Maine districts as follows: Bangor, \$1200;
Portland, \$1800.The State of Maine never looked bet-
ter than to-day. These frequent showers
have brightened the leaves, given a fresh
start to the grass, while all crops are mat-
uring for a magnificent harvest. This
month of August promises to be one of
the most delightful to resident and visi-
tor, and the praises of the Pine Tree
State will be sung as never before.We refer to the advertisement of West-
brook Seminary. The managers have
raised the grade at the institution con-
siderably and have thoroughly revised
the courses. Besides adding two new
courses, they have made several improve-
ments, giving special attention to Eng-
lish, science, elocution and physical cul-
ture.Many special features will be given for
the entertainment of the public at the
Eastern Maine State Fair, that comes off
at Bangor, August 20, 21, 22, and 23, such
as base ball matches, running and
trained horses, train dogs, balloon a-
cessions, etc. The ground will be liter-
ally alive with attractions that are too
numerous to even mention in this con-
nection.A gold production throughout the
world in excess of \$200,000,000 is now re-
garded as assured for the present calendar
year. Reports have reached the Mint Bu-
reau from the producing districts of the
United States and from the big min-
ing regions of Australia and South Africa,
which indicate that, unless the rate of
production which has thus far prevailed
this year is suddenly checked, it will be
easy to raise the 1894 product of \$181,-
500,000 to above \$200,000,000 for 1895.President Appleton of the New Eng-
land Agricultural Society has received a
letter from a staff officer conveying the
intelligence that Secretary Herbert ex-
pects to be in attendance upon the New
England Fair during the last week in
August in connection with the eastward
cruise of the new U. S. war-ships of the
North Atlantic squadron to Maine
waters and Portland harbor. Among
the ships that will probably be present
are the big modern cruisers New
York and Columbia, the ship that has just
beaten naval records of the world.It is estimated that the New York
brewers are losing \$30,000 a week as the
result of the enforcement of the Sunday
closing law. The *Herald* says New
Yorkers have been in the habit of empty-
ing from 100,000 to 120,000 kegs of beer
on Sunday; and this sudden inroad into
their business makes the situation some-
what serious for them. What the brew-
ers lose the laboring men save. One
would think by reading some papers that
this was all loss to the city. Keep up
the record and the reduction in pauper-
bills will tell the story.The Maine Register for 1895 is received
from the publisher, Mr. C. H. Donham,
Portland. This edition has twenty-three
pages more than any previous one. It
contains a complete summary of all
the industrial pursuits, governmental,
religious, educational, social and moral
institutions in the State, State and
county officers, courts, banks, trust
companies, loan and building associa-
tions, insurance companies, newspapers,
churches, agricultural societies, orders
of Good Templars, Masons, Odd Fellows,
Knights of Pythias, Grand Army of the
Republic, Sons of Veterans, Patrons of
Husbandry, railroads and steamboats,
with distances, fares, connections, tele-
graph and telephone stations; also an
immense amount of collated and tabu-
lated matter covering the whole country.The town statistics include the location
of towns and the best method of reach-
ing them, valuation, population, ratable
polls, brief history, Post Office address
of all city and town officials, merchants,
manufacturers, clergymen, hotels,
schools, libraries, associations, notaries,
justices, lawyers, physicians, etc., &c.
Twenty-one city and four hundred and
nineteen town directories are given and
all are revised to date. It is a volume
which should be in the hands of every
man doing business of any kind.

EXCURSION TO AROOSTOOK COUNTY.

In the year 1858 the Maine Press Association made its first excursion to the county of Aroostook, which was then indeed a "howling wilderness." It was a long and toilsome trip, requiring four days to make it, and was called by the editors an "expedition." They went by the old Veazie railroad from Bangor to Old Town; by the old fashioned stern wheel steamers, up the Penobscot river to Mattawamkeag; team to Houlton, Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield. The country at that time was but sparsely settled, yet the evidences of prosperity on every hand, and the vast possibilities existing in the northeastern section of the State, perfectly astonished the members of the Association, and the glowing accounts they gave of what they saw had a wonderful influence in inducing immigration to the new region. Only five of the twenty-nine editors who then went are now living—John M. Adams of Portland, Brown Thurston of Portland, E. Rowell of Hallowell, Nelson and Frank Dingey of Lewiston. Only one of these, Maj. Rowell, honored the excursionists with his presence on the excursion of '95.

The second Press excursion was made in 1878, and this was also attended with results beneficial to the county. The third excursion was made last week, sixty members and their ladies participating. The most thorough arrangements had been made by the committee, Mr. C. W. Robbins of Old Town and Mr. George H. Gilman of Houlton, who personally conducted the excursion, to see that the almost perfect arrangements they had made were fully carried out in all their details. These gentlemen deserve the hearty vote of thanks that was unanimously tendered them, and will always be remembered by those whose pleasures were heightened by their kindly offices.

Starting from Bangor at 3:30 Monday afternoon by the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, we reached Houlton at half past seven in the evening. And what a ride! If not through the "primeval forests," (as very little of this can now be found in Maine,) it courses its iron way through a region as full of sublimity and beauty as any part of the United States. Here are dense forests with here and there a clearing, showing that some pioneer has planted himself upon this unsurpassed soil and has carved out for himself a home in the vast wilderness. Here is a modest hamlet that will soon expand into a thriving village; anon the moose and deer and caribou sit across the railroad track and plunge into the evergreen, reminding us that we are passing through the finest hunting section of our State. From the station called "Norcross," there were sent last year several hundred deer and moose. The "speckled beauties" are found in these sparkling streams and limpid ponds that are a short distance from the railroad track, affording excellent fishing facilities. This new railroad also opens up a vast region full of pulp material, and as our near-by forests are being depleted of spruce, here there is enough for a century or more, and the present generation needn't worry about any longer time. To us the grandest feature of the road is the fact that it is built on American soil, and that people passing into the county of Aroostook are not obliged to go a hundred miles out of their way through the Queen's dominions. It is an array of business that will send the young life-blood of the virgin country into the arteries of the older communities, that will be of mutual benefit. Various industries are springing up all along the road, and the log houses that indicate a clearing will soon give place to nice frame buildings. Along many portions of the route large stumps are filled with maple last blocks ready for the market. There is no more thoroughly constructed railroad in New England. Ballasted in the most thorough manner, constructed through the portion of the county that Nature seemed to have designed for a railroad, it is so smooth and even, that on some portions express trains run safely and without a jar at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It is safe to say that the speech of the iron horses would not have heard for a long time in this wilderness had it not been for the pluck, perseverance and push of its President, Hon. Albert A. Burleigh, who is ably seconded in his efforts in its management by Franklin W. Cram, Vice President, and Geo. M. Houghton, General Ticket and Passenger Agent.

But we are passing on in our trip, and are admonished by preparations made to leave the cars that we have arrived at the beautiful and growing village of Houlton.

Teams innumerable are waiting to convey the party to headquarters, the Houlton Band is greeting us with a glad welcome, and the cordiality of the people is almost unparalleled. Most of the party find exceedingly pleasant homes at the Exchange, W. H. Euzell, Proprietor; and at the Snell House, Fred W. Coburn, Proprietor. Both houses have all the appliances of city hotels, and the food and service are first class. The *Farmer* representative, wife and son, in acceptance of a long standing invitation, found George H. Gilman, Esq., editor and proprietor of the *Aroostook Pioneer*, which was the first paper issued in the county, and as it has descended from father to son, it has steadily maintained its high position. Mr. Gilman has recently associated with himself as an assistant Mr. Francis Wiggin, an able and popular newspaper man. Mr. Gilman's residence is a typical New England home, blessed with an Augusta lady as the presiding genius, and in all its appointments illustrates the idea of "Home, Sweet Home."

The *Times*, an old and reliable paper, is published in Houlton by Mr. Theodore Cary.

The town of Houlton seems to have resources of its own sufficient to keep it in running order, even if it were shut off from the whole world beside. The people have solved the good roads question that troubles so many communities, as there is not a poor road in town. The soil appears to be specially adapted to

road making. Resembling somewhat the red soil of Pennsylvania, there is an admixture of a greyish soil which solidifies and makes splendid roads. The streets are broad and smooth, having the appearance of being Macadamized. The enterprise of the place may be seen when we state that seventy-five houses were erected in town the past season. And they are of a class that are only found in progressive towns. Indeed, we had to go to Houlton to find more elegant residences than any we have in the capital city, and, taken as a whole, there are few towns in the State that can boast of better ones, with more modern appliances. The taste of the people seems to run especially to spacious lots and extensive lawns, which they keep richly fertilized and closely clipped. An air of industry pervades the entire community—ever the prisoners at the county jail are kept busy pounding stone—and we were assured there is not a loafer or tramp in town. The taxes are not high, even on a low valuation; no ponderous debt repels the people from coming here; while the courteous, whole-souled and philanthropic population of this coming city, now numbering about six thousand, holds out its hands of warm welcome to all worthy people who would like to make this their home.

Fine turn-outs were provided for all our party, and there were drives in the afternoon, to all the points of interest. The old Hancock Barracks, where the troops were stationed during and after the Webster-Ashburton treaty (and this should be made a park by the coming city)—the immense farms of several hundred acres each, the fields of potato stretching out into fifty acres or more, the Ricker Institute, the public buildings, and elegant stores were visited, receiving the kind attention of Hon. Llewellyn Powers, at his elegant residence. When the shades of evening appeared a grand reception was given the party at the Opera House, where there were speeches of welcome and responses, refreshments and music. Mr. Michael M. Clark, Clerk of Courts and chairman of the Board of Selectmen for many years, was the chairman of the citizens' entertainment committee, and nothing that would contribute to our comfort was omitted.

Taking up the line of march on Tuesday morning, the party proceeded by the Bangor & Aroostook

Passing northward through the grand farming towns of Littleton, Monticello, Bridgewater, Blaine and Westfield, past Mars Hill. Brother Collins of the *Star-Herald* was expected to greet us here, but doubtless appalled by the magnitude of the invasion, he put off into the woods for a week's seclusion. But he couldn't carry the town with him, and we had that all to ourselves, and with the kind offices of Col. Chas. P. Allen, Hon. Thomas H. Phair, his brother James, and other enterprising citizens, every minute of our time was profitably taken up. In the afternoon teams were provided, as at Houlton, and drives were taken to every portion of the town and the outlying farms, of which there are none better in the county or State. The people here claim that they are superior to any in the State. We could hardly realize when we looked upon the excellent water-works, electric light plant, school house costing \$25,000, fine hotels, banks and business blocks, that twelve years ago the main business street was swept out by fire. Forty houses have been built the present season. In one important section where there was a cow pasture three years ago, there is now a thriving portion of the village. As in the other places, the railroad has put new life into the town. Almost purely an agricultural community, it has a clean, thrifty population, and we have no doubt they are correct when they say they have nearly 5000 inhabitants. It is one of the sweetest towns we ever visited, as also one of the busiest, being the trading centre of a large region lying north and west of it. We found no antagonism between the "country" and the "city" portions; the farmers all willingly vote for the most liberal appropriations for schools, sewers, streets, sidewalks, and other improvements. While there we were quartered at the Presque Isle Hotel, S. B. Gates, proprietor, with the popular Story Duff as clerk. Everything was in city style, and with without a jar at the rate of sixty miles an hour. It is safe to say that the speech of the iron horses would not have

heard for a long time in this wilderness had it not been for the pluck, perseverance and push of its President, Hon. Albert A. Burleigh, who is ably seconded in his efforts in its management by Franklin W. Cram, Vice President, and Geo. M. Houghton, General Ticket and Passenger Agent.

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growth and prosperity that have made the town famous. All the religious societies have well equipped meeting houses, there are some manufacturing establishments, which will soon be multiplied. The starch factories, three in number, grind up about 150,000 bushels of potatoes, manufacturing annually about 600 tons of starch. Then there are grist mills, doing an immense business, foundry and machine shops, lumber mills, wood working plants, furniture factory, carriage manufacturers, etc. Above all, men and women are raised here, and they are the most valuable products of all—men of brains and women of beauty and good sense.

In the evening the people crowded Clark's hall to extend greetings to the Association. The Caribou Band that had welcomed our arrival at the depot, and serenaded us at the hotels, was on hand to furnish excellent music. Judge Stearns presided, and the speech of welcome was made by Mr. A. W. Hall of the *Aroostook Republican*, and they were warm words indeed. He has one of the neatest printing offices in the State, indicating that he was all ready for company. Responses were made by members of our party, and at nine o'clock the company adjourned to Odd Fellows' Hall, where a grand reception was given by the people of Caribou.

Twice during the trip our party entered the Queen's dominions. They are slower in their methods over there; the farms do not show so good cultivation; the buildings are not in so good condition as those on this side of the line.

There were a good many humorous incidents along the route, but for these we have no room—such as the proposal of marriage to "Fly Rod" from an Indian chief; the sudden fall of a horse when it looked at one of the ladies of the party on the front seat of the carriage; the inquiry of a farmer who saw our procession, if a "circus was in town" etc.

The following resolutions were adopted by the party:

Resolved, That this Association extend thanks, for courtesies received, to the Maine Central and Bangor & Aroostook railroads; to the proprietors of the Exchange Hotel, Houlton, and citizens of Houlton; to S. B. Gates, landlord of Presque Isle Hotel, and other citizens of Presque Isle; to the proprietors of the Collins House and Windsor Hotel, and citizens of Houlton; to the proprietor of the *Collins* and *Windsor* Hotels, and citizens of Presque Isle.

Resolved, That our pilgrimage to the "Garden of Maine" has been one of the most enjoyable in the history of the Association, and that the pleasure and satisfaction shown us by our friends of Aroostook will never fade from our memory.

Again turning our backs upon one of the fairest towns of this banner county, on Friday morning we pass on to Fair

Fort Fairfield.

Here we received many courtesies from W. T. Spear, Esq., who had charge of the arrangements for our comfort and entertainment. He was well and ably assisted by Bro. Ellis of the *Northern Leader*, and Bro. Harvey of the *Beacon*.

Sustaining these were the entire population of the place, who vied with each other in their endeavors to make our stay pleasant and agreeable. Here it took two hotels to hold us, the Collins House, M. E. Collins, Proprietor; and the Windsor Hotel, Tupper & Kellogg, Proprietors. Both excellent houses, and entitled to the liberal patronage which they receive. Here is another beautiful town, with a population of about 4000. The water works are on the gravity system, and electric lights furnish the illumination. Here, as in the other leading towns, great attention has been given to the school houses. The town is splendidly situated on the Aroostook river, and has a wide business street extending a mile and a half in length. There are stores that would do credit to Boston or New York, and the stocks are exhibited in a most attractive and pleasant manner. Mr. Michael M. Clark, Clerk of Courts and chairman of the Board of Selectmen for many years, was the chairman of the citizens' entertainment committee, and nothing that would contribute to our comfort was omitted.

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New Woman

was bloated and crippled with friends thought I could Sarsaparilla did me a good and made me feel I always keep

Sarsaparilla

gladly recommend it, for we received," MRS. A. L.'s Corner, Maine.

the after-dinner pills and this family esthetic. 25c.

KODAK

COUNTY NEWS.

of Pythias of the fourth and domain of this State

Hallowell, August 22, grand day for the place

have been made for a

under the auspices of ors of Kennebec county, 60, at Vassalboro.

rain 102 struck the two

son of Joseph Cary, at crossing, Waterville.

The child was car-

atcher fifteen or twenty

physician found only a

the child's shoulder.

ity of Italians went to

ake Cobbescontee, to

they took a boat to go

the lake, and on land-

ed to take his gun from

asped it by the barrel

ard him, muzzle first,

the trigger caught and,

the charge striking

side just at the top of

aking a terrible wound,

here's a chance for his

of Friends are holding

at the foot of Green

re of Lake Maranacook,

ey just put up a

of sections 800 people,

in the house, however

that region that can

a meeting was being

in the census,

seriously injured, a

the slightly, but it was a

e audience that sat-

in the pouring rain.

ones, while running a

on the Burnham farm,

in West Gardiner, was

the seat about three

afternoon, and severely

hand was cut nearly

in, and the back part of

arly lacerated. Drs.

amb were summoned and

parts. They hope

d. The injuries to the

perfect patchwork of

in order to keep the

that caused Mr. Jones

in his seat is a mystery

Cleaves and other di-

There will be quite

addresses by Prof. S.

by, Hon. John D. Wayland, Minn., Mr. Wm.

J. L. Weston, Dr. L.

Mass., Col. M. A.

Thomas, Kan., Rev. D.

Rev. J. R. Day of

H. C. White, M. D., of

M. C. Wedgewood

George S. Wedgewood

The outlook now is

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the largest gathering

of all the disease.

Knight has an am-

Poland Spring House

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the purpose would in-

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at the Poland Spring

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told a cold blooded

of that? Let us have

our administration of

the victim of "poor"

s at fault for getting

and wife of Embden

st. Wednesday, after

They travelled, by

nearly 1000 miles

States, visiting many

The trip was taken

for a more com-

rms, homes, methods

of people of different

experience gained

The trip extended

as the Conne-

ul at Caribou. Mr.

place saw four nice

on a recent Sunday.

they would immedi-

e oats. Finally, Mr.

to let them remain

at his expense.



Items of Maine News.

A patent has been granted to Amory H. Rogers of Portland for a dump sled.

Captain Pliny Crowell, one of the oldest and best known of Portland's sea captains, died Tuesday evening.

Dr. Eben Hurd of Goodwin's Mills, one of the oldest practicing physicians in the State, died Tuesday, aged 70 years.

Gov. Morton of New York joined his family at the Bowler cottage, Bar Harbor, Friday morning.

Burglars entered the store of Simon T. Grant at Chesterville, Sunday, by removing a window. The money drawer was carried off.

The Westbrook electric light plant was crippled, Monday forenoon, by the bursting of a fly wheel. Fragments found their way through the power house walls. Nobody was injured.

Saco friends of Mrs. Charlotte B. Thomas, a pioneer Baptist Missionary in India, have just received news of her death. "Mother" Thomas was well known in this State.

At a meeting of the Lynn school board, W. N. Nutter of Dexter, Me., was elected principal of the Ingalls grammar school. Mr. Nutter has for the past 10 years been connected with the schools of Dexter. He is a graduate of Bates college.

Mr. Nutter's school, originally under the name of the Newberry Institution, is at being the Newberry Institution of its highest order and includes valuable business lessons.

THE PATRONAGE

is the largest of any similar institution in the world.

THE REPUTATION

of this school is originally based on its being the Newberry Institution of its kind.

SPECIAL COURSE.

Short-hand, Type Writing, Composition and Correspondence may be taken as a special course.

SITUATIONS

in business houses, to send to agents.

THE SCHOOL BUILDING.

66 Washington Street, Boston, is centrally located and purposefully constructed. Office open daily, from 9 till 12 o'clock. *Prospectus Post Free.*

H. E. HIBBARD, Principal.

32d ANNUAL

New England Fair, RIGBY PARK AND CITY HALL, PORTLAND, ME., Aug. 27, 28, 29, 30, 1895.

\$25,000 IN PURSES AND PREMIUMS.

COME AND SEE:

Johnson, the bicycle crack, go against the 2 minute mark, also two miles to beat 4:10.

The cream of New England live stock, from the United States. Racing by the circuit flyers.

Great Agricultural, Horticultural and Floricultural Products, Bees and Honey.

Poultry, Pigeons and Rabbits.

Paintings, Decorated China and Needlework.

Seashore Fisheries.

Gifford's Birds and Animals of New England.

DON'T FORGET:

The Mardi Gras, Flora Parade.

The New England Parade.

The Concerts from Boston by Telephone.

The numerous Electrical novelties.

Bicycle Races between Johnson and other cities.

The Band Concerts afternoon and evening.

The special attractions being secured day by day, and each worth the price of admission.

REMEMBER:

Presidents, Governors and Mayors galore

and to the State.

The North Atlantic Squadron will be in Portland, and will favor us with an illuminating display.

Portland extends greetings, and the management guarantees your money's worth.

Special Fair from all parts of New England.

H. F. APPLETON, Mgr., Portland, Me.

F. H. APPLETON, Pres. E. T. ROWELL, Sec.

W. BROWN, Treas. 3440

I correspondents writes:

C. Moffit & Co. was

ay night, and all the drawer taken.

They lit's room on the floor

his purse from his hornin' he found him in his room, they having

in the outside. They

open a window and a of the stars. Not long

ce was robbed in the room. E. O. Bean came

angry while riding in Mt. Vernon. His

wheel rolled to the

Fortunately he escaped

—Josiah Allen, a

village, father of Mrs.

Augusta, is very low.

The house is in

the northwest corner of

the city.

There will be quite

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Translated from the Welsh by Lily E. Barr.

The king may ride o'er land or sea,

The lion may lie right royally,

The soldier ride in pomp and pride,

The sailor ram o'er ocean wide;

But this or that whate'er befall,

The farmer he must feed them all.

The writer thinks, "whimsies wondrous things,

The actor feels, the lawyer pleads,

The miner follows the precious lead;

But this or that whate'er befall,

The farmer he must feed them all.

The merchant he may buy and sell,

The teacher of the school may well,

But men may toll through busy days,

Or men may stroll through pleasant ways;

From king to beggar whate'er befall,

The farmer he must feed them all.

The farmer's trade is one of wealth,

He's partner with the earth and earth,

The partner with the sun and rain,

And no man loses for his gain;

And men may rise and men may fall,

But the farmer he must feed them all.

God bless the man who sows the wheat,

Who finds us milk and fruit to eat,

May his purse be heavy and his heart be light;

His cattle and corn all go right;

God bless the seeds his hands let fall,

For the farmer he must feed them all.

Our Story Teller.

A LITTLE STORE.

An anxious "committee on ways and means" met in Miss Beesley's little sitting-room. A cheerful fire of pine-cones was burning on the small, neat hearth; it flickered and sparkled in joyous fashion, and helped decidedly to drive away the dampness from without, and the depression that threatened within.

It was the usual pathetic story: A young girl suddenly orphaned, without capital or special training, and with a younger brother and sister depending on her for support. They had come south for the sake of the delicate mother; here she had died, and they were almost among strangers. A temporary home had been offered them by Miss Beesley, their eccentric maiden neighbor, and here, while little Effie was cozily sleeping, the older ones were talking over the situation.

"What can I do?" sighed poor Louise Hunter. "I have said that over and over to myself so much, that the words don't mean anything any more; can either of you two help me out?" turning to her brother Fred and to Miss Beesley, both of whom were staring thoughtfully into the fire.

A long silence followed, broken only by the snapping fire and the ticking of the tiny clock on the shelf above.

"If only I could keep on with my studies at Kelsey college," broke out Fred. "I wouldn't so much mind the rest. I'd be willing to chop wood or haul muck, if I needn't give that up."

"My dear girl," said the little old maid, with an air of business, "I've a question to ask you. Your mother was a woman of ability, and you are much like her in many ways; among all the things she taught you, what can you do the best?"

Louise considered a few moments and then answered with a faint little smile:

"Don't laugh, Miss Beesley, please, but I really do believe my answer must be 'darning and patching.' Mamma used to say that fine mending was one of the 'lost arts,' and gave me careful instructions, saying that I learned so readily she was quite proud of me."

"Good what else can you do?" said Miss Beesley, with emphasis.

Louise answered slowly: "I hardly know what else; I used to enjoy cooking little delicate dishes for mamma, to tempt her; and I dearly love to make candy!"

"You'd just better believe she can, too!" broke in Fred, now thoroughly interested. "She's made all our Christmas and birthday candies ever since we've been here, for the grocery candy isn't much but ginseng and chalk. I wish I had some of her 'cocoanut bar' this very minute, so I do!" And the young collegian paused, now thoroughly out of breath.

"Item No. 2," said Miss Beesley, cheerfully. "Is there anything else?"

"No, I think not," responded Louise, vaguely encouraged by her friend's pleasant words. "Mamma had a real knack with flowers, and I used to enjoy helping her so much; but, after all, I know very little about them. Dear Miss Beesley, I don't know much of anything, I'm afraid; I can't sing or play or write, or teach. I'm only a hundred nobody, and yet every body depends on me;" and the brown eyes grew troubled and misty once more.

"Don't fret," said Miss Beesley, kindly, stroking the soft, slim fingers, "but just listen to me, you two young things, for I've got a plan. Fred wishes most of all to go to Kelsey. Right he is, and go he shall. But as we are out here in the country, and Kelsey college is over there at Woodbridge, a change must be made. You, my dear Louise, must move to Woodbridge, rent a tiny cottage, put out a plain little sign, 'Darning and Patching Done With Skill' ("I'll make the sign!" shouted Fred), put a little notice in the local paper, and, with good management, work will come. In two or three months the great hotels will begin to fill up with winter visitors, the 'St. James' at Woodbridge among them. Then is the time for candy making. Have everything exquisitely good, put up in attractive shape, labeled 'Homemade,' and displayed at the nearest store in the village. Let hotel people alone for finding out anything new! Perhaps a few pots of flowers will help out, also; but you will know best about that. Now what do you say?" concluded the little old maid, poking the fire vigorously.

Louise's eyes had gradually been growing bigger as the plan unfolded. "It sounds beautiful!" she said, tremulously; "do you think I could do it?"

"I think you will do it, my child," said her friend, with decision, "for the sake of the dear ones who love you."

As for Fred, he could scarcely contain his feelings.

"Miss Beesley, you are a trump!" he cried in his healthy ringing tones; "I'll weed all your flower-beds to-morrow."

The next week was a busy time for all; a careful inventory was made of their slender possessions, some things sold, and others kept for the new home. One day Miss Beesley and Louise made a trip to Woodbridge and returned at nightfall, tired, but triumphant, having found a house suited to their needs; and the dear old maid again proved herself a friend indeed.

One pleasant afternoon in January a handsome, portly lady from the "St. James" opened the door of the "Darning and Patching Establishment." She had a light package in her hand, and said to Louise, rather doubtfully:

"Young woman, do you suppose you could mend my lace shawl so that it will be presentable? I have torn it on one of the abominable wire fences with which this country is infested." And she opened the package, bringing to view a very ragged and discouraging rent.

"Good-by, my dears, and may Heaven bless you," said Miss Beesley, with one or two suspicious sniffs and wrinkling her black eyes very hard as the train steamed up to the platform. "Let me know if anything goes wrong."

Reaching Woodbridge they walked up to the new home, leaving the freight to be sent up later. Such a tiny little home! Three rooms with a small "lean-to" kitchen, and a patch of a garden in the rear; all situated just at the outskirts of the town, not far from the college buildings, and with the flagstaff of the "St. James" in plain sight. The house seemed to have been built for a small shop, as the front room, which was good-sized and airy, had two large, projecting windows with wide ledges, facing the street, and a small row of shelves on one side. But there was plenty of dust and cobwebs, and work for everybody. Such a trotting as the three pair of feet kept up all day, and such a tired trio as they were when night came! A week's time found the house quite as it had been.

"This front room," said Louise, "is to be parlor, office and reception room; so we must make it look its prettiest."

Meanwhile Fred had not been idle; a very creditable little sign had been made and painted, a notice had been put in the local paper, a few circulars describing the new business of "Patch and Darning," and giving prices for work, had been distributed by this enterprising boy. The absurd little room in the rear of the house had been spaded and put in nice order, awaiting some seed packets that were even now on the way; and next week college would begin, and the light-hearted, helpful boy would be busy with his books. But Effie would be home; and a jolly little helper she was, full of dimples and good nature.

Now and then a small bit of work came in. Only ten cents a pair for stockings, but so beautifully done were they that others followed soon. First one bachelor and then another rescued his mending from the colored "Aunt" who did his washing (who sewed on white buttons with black thread and "vice versa"), and sending it down to the tiny store at the street's end found everything put in order "as mother used to do it." But the college boys were a wonderful help to the business. Of course they got dreadfully "torn up," as boys always will, and as most of them were away from home, they were glad enough to find a pair of deft fingers so near.

By and by the great hotel began to show signs of life. Then the hacks and street cars began making frequent trips, and great piles of "Saratogas" came in, the platforms at the station.

While all this hubbub was going on half a mile away, there were also exciting times at the Hunters'. A mysterious box had arrived from the north, and certain delicious odors hung around the various packages. A half-barrel of sparkling sugar was deposited in one corner; and oil-stones and several small cornets and pens received an extra scouring. A busy trio of young folks sat around the lamp after supper, cracking and picking nuts, stoning raisins and dates, chopping citron and figs. All her resting moments Louise spent in the "big rocker," studying receipts and inventing new combinations. She decided that her first candy venture should consist of only a few varieties, and those the most familiar to her.

Chocolate creams, of course; but there are creams and creams. Louise's all looked about the same outside, a rich, dull brown, but you were never sure into what delicious inner compound your teeth would sink; some with cocoanut with lemon added; some pink, with a trace of bitter almond; some a dainty fruit paste; and the last one was always the best. Cream dates, pink and white, rolled in granulated sugar; cocoanut cones, baked in her little oven and with just the right golden brown tinge on the top; walnut and maple creams, and lastly, a delightful combination invented by Louise herself, and irreverently dubbed "hash balls" by the irrepressible Fred.

In due time all were made, tastefully arranged in an amber glass bowl, and left at "Brown's," the one drug store of the village. It was a pretty attractive store, where soda water and other things besides the usual stock could be obtained, so the hotel people were quite sure to be frequent customers. A little card was fastened to the bowl of glittering sweets, which read: "Homemade; help yourself;" for Louise had decided that the first two or three consignments must be given away freely, in order to establish a reputation.

Mr. Brown availed himself of the invitation speedily, and, being a great friend of Fred, spread praises of the sweets and drew everyone's attention to them. In a few days Louise sent another lot, simply varying flavors somewhat, and by the time that was over she had sold out.

"Cross not the shaman. Pay him his tribute as a gift deserved by reason of the mysteries he knows; but be not ruled thyself by lesser ones. When thou dost know the right way, hold it fast, and be not turned aside though every man's hand should uplift against thee."

"Who weaves the spell to keep our ancient foes, the mountain folk, from spreading out upon our hunting ground to kill our deer and seals, to steal our wives, to trap our men like foxes in their holes?"

"If this young crow should set him over us, look not to Mauterjek again when food is gone; look not to Mauterjek when illness comes."

The father had then cautioned and advised him: "My son, thou'lt have short time to mourn my death. Sickness, death, and worse shall come; for none shall be left to build you burial cairns; the wolves shall end it! This I prophesy, I, Mauterjek! Oh, people, hear and heed your Mauterjek!"

"Who is it drives away your aches and pains; restores your health and heals your wounds; charms the wild things which furnish us with food, brings buyaika (the seal) to your spears, draws deer-foot toogoot from the inland wastes?"

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"War with the tribes, and worse; disease, and worse; famine, and worse; death, and worse shall come; for none shall be left to build you burial cairns; the wolves shall end it! This I prophesy, I, Mauterjek! Oh, people, hear and heed your Mauterjek!"

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"War with the tribes,

**THE BEST
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She Has Ever Known. Words of Praise
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"I would like to add my testimony to that of others who have used Ayer's Pills, and to say that I have taken them for many years, and always derived the best results from their use. For stomach and liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equalled.



When my friends ask me what is the best remedy for disorders of the stomach, liver, or bowels, my invariable answer is, Ayer's Pills. Taken in season, they will break up a cold, prevent a gripe, check fever, and regulate the digestive organs. They are easy to take, and are, indeed, the best all-round family medicine I have ever known."—
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Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures all Blood Disorders.

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What is the use of keeping cows unless you can make money with them? No other business would stand a waste of from 25 to 50 per cent, and the dairy business will not. You waste that much butter by pan skimming. Get a SAFETY HAND SEPARATOR and save it.
F. M. SHARPLES, West Chester, Pa.

Send for Circular.

Rutland, Vt.

Messenger's Notice.

Office of Deputy Sheriff of Kennebec County, Augusta, 5, 1895.

STATE OF MAINE—KENNEBEC COUNTY, is to give notice that on the thirtieth day of August, A. D. 1895, a Warrant in Insolvency was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Kennebec, against the Hon. JAMES C. JAMES, resident in the town of Windsor in said County of Kennebec, and adjudged to be an Insolvent Debtor, on petition of said Debtor, to be filed on the day of the said day of August, A. D. 1895, to which date interest on claims is to be computed. That the said James C. James, shall pay his wife and the transfer and delivery of any property by him are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the creditors and debtors to prove the debts and losses, and to determine of his estate, will be held at a Court of Insolvency to be held at the Probate Court Room in Augusta, on the day of August, A. D. 1895, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written. HENRY T. MORSE,
Deputy Sheriff, as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency for said County of Kennebec.

240

For Sale

A STEAM FIRE ENGINE,

Built in a very thorough manner and practically new. Suitable for any town or village. No hydraulic fire service. Also two fire engines which can be seen at Mr. George B. McClellan's machine shop at Hallowell. Address or apply to

LENTALL TITCOMBE, Executor.

419 State Street, Augusta, Me.

FARM FOR SALE.

The Maple Grove Farm, situated in Manchester, five miles from Hallowell, three miles from Hallowell, one from post office, covers 60 acres, and is admirably divided. A large amount of orcharding, young and thrifty trees, seven-eighths Baldwins; a small orchard of fancy fruit; cherry orchard, 100 acres; 100 acres of land, an out lot of 60 acres, more or less, of wood land, if wanted. For information enquire of the subscriber or

GREENLEAF HILTON.

Or G. F. WING, Postmaster, Manchester, 338

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Would recommend all our neighbors to use our services. Call on us, we will now prove the flavor and keeping quality of the butter.

We are prepared to send it, together with full directions for using, to any address at following monthly rates:

Creameries producing from 4,000 to 6,000 lbs. per month, \$8.00 per month.

Creameries producing from 7,000 to 11,000 pounds per month, \$8.50 per month.

Creameries producing from 11,000 to 16,000 pounds per month, or more, \$10.00 per month.

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ALL STEEL OR WOOD STEEL,
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the Rest. Write for
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